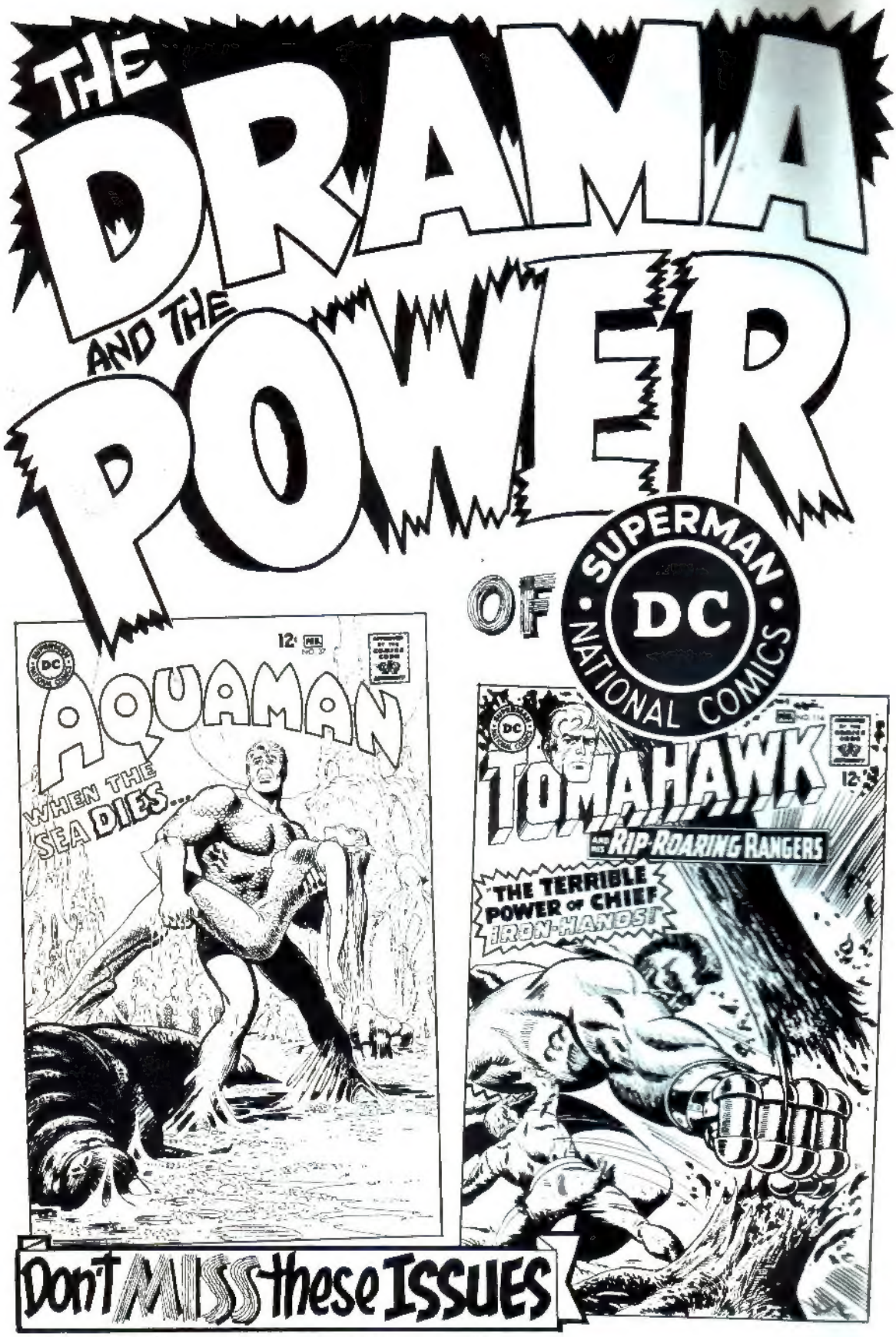
SUPERMAN
DC
NATIONAL COMICS
PLASTIC MAN
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
FEB.
NO. 8
12¢
YOWW! I TELL YOU, I'M NOT PLASTIC MAN!
I NEVER EVEN HEARD OF HIM!
WHAT'S A PLASTIC MAN?

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PLASTIC MAN
PLAS LOSES HIS MEMORY--AND THE WHOLE WORLD LOSES ITS MIND! 'CAUSE WHAT'S MORE DANGEROUS THAN A MAN WITH THE COURAGE OF A LION--AND THE MEMORY OF A MOUSE? ESPECIALLY WHEN THAT MAN IS
"The Unforgettable WOT'S-IZ-NAME!"
HERE YOU ARE--BLUE-COAT GANG--JUST AS MY GOOD FRIEND SAID YOU WOULD BE!
GANG? (ARRGH!) WE'RE COPS, PLASTIC MAN!
MR. WAISEL WARNED ME YOU'D SAY THAT!
THE WEASEL? PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER THREE?
HE WARNED ME YOU'D SAY THAT, TOO!
(OOOF!) WHAT ELSE DID HE TEACH YOU?
THAT I AM PLASTIC MAN--PROTECTOR OF THE WORLD! AND HE'S MY CHIEF ADVISER!

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IT'S A BIG DAY FOR PLAS! 50,000 PEOPLE HAVE TURNED OUT TO HONOR HIM. THEY'RE ONLY ONE MAN SHORT!
WHERE THE DEUCE IS HE? WHERE'S PLASTIC MAN?
I'M SURE HE'LL BE HERE IN A SECOND, MAYOR! HE NEVER FAILS!
NEVER? WHAT ABOUT THE LAST TWO TIMES?
(AHEM!) JUST SLIGHT OVERSIGHTS, SIR.
SHOWING UP FOR A KIDDY MATINEE AT 3 O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING! THAT'S SLIGHT!
AND WHAT ABOUT THE MASKED BALL OF THE VEGETARIANS SOCIETY?
HE CAME ON TIME!
SHAPED LIKE A ROAST PIG! NEVER MIND--I'M INTRODUCING HIM RIGHT NOW--NO MATTER WHAT!
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN--
LOUDER!
I SAID--LADIES AND GENTLEMEN--IT GIVES ME GREAT--
LOUDER!
SOMETHIN' WRONG WITH THIS DEUCED MICROPHONE!
BANG
WHAM
ONWWW! EASY, MAYOR! I GET NOSEBLEEDS, YOU KNOW!
PLASTIC MAN!
HA-HA-HA-HA!
2

EXCUSE THE TOMFOOLERY, MR. MAYOR. I THOUGHT A LITTLE FUN MIGHT--
LOUDER!
HUH?
I THINK THERE REALLY IS SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE MIKE.
OOOPS! THAT'S NOT MIKE-- IT'S ME!
HA HA HA-HA!
BUT SERIOUSLY, I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M DOING UP HERE! I'M HONORED-- BUT TRUTHFULLY, I'M NO HERO!
EXCEPT FOR MY (AHEM!) PECULIAR TALENTS--I'M NO BETTER THAN THE NEXT GUY!
I'M NOT A DEDICATED MAN! I'M NOT A SELFLESS MAN! I'M JUST AN ORDINARY JOE WHO--
OOOPS! HOLD IT, BUDDY! PICKING POCKETS IS NOT A LEGAL HOBBY!
WHOOOSH!
MIND IF BORROW YOUR LUNCH, MADAM?
AS I WAS SAYING, ALMOST ANY ONE OF YOU IS NOBLER AND MORE HUMBLE AND--
OH-OH!
WHOOSH!
SPLAT!
ICHHHH!
3

HOW DARE YOU, PLASTIC MAN? I COME HERE TO HONOR YOU--AND YOU HIT ME IN THE FACE WITH MY OWN CHOPPED EGGS AND MUSHROOMS?
NOT MUSHROOMS, MADAM!
TOADSTOOLS! THE DEADLY, POISONED LACTARIUS RUFUS, TO BE EXACT! I SPOTTED IT FROM HERE. SHEER LUCK!
THAT PLAS KNOWS HIS ONIONS!
HE KNOWS HIS MUSHROOMS, TOO!
AS I WAS SAYING, HONORS SUCH AS THIS BELONG TO--
LOOK! THE TEMPORARY GRANDSTANDS--THEY'RE SHAKING!
EEEEK!
CALM YOURSELF, GIRLS! I AM SPRINGING TO YOUR AID!
BO'NNG!
HELP!
(UGGGH!) TAKE IT EASY! PLENTY OF TIME NOW, GIRLS! (OOOF!) I'LL HOLD THIS UP TILL YOU'RE ALL CLEAR! (UNNNH!)
CONTINUED ON 3RD PAGE FOLLOWING.
4

# Mattel's new M-16 Marauder

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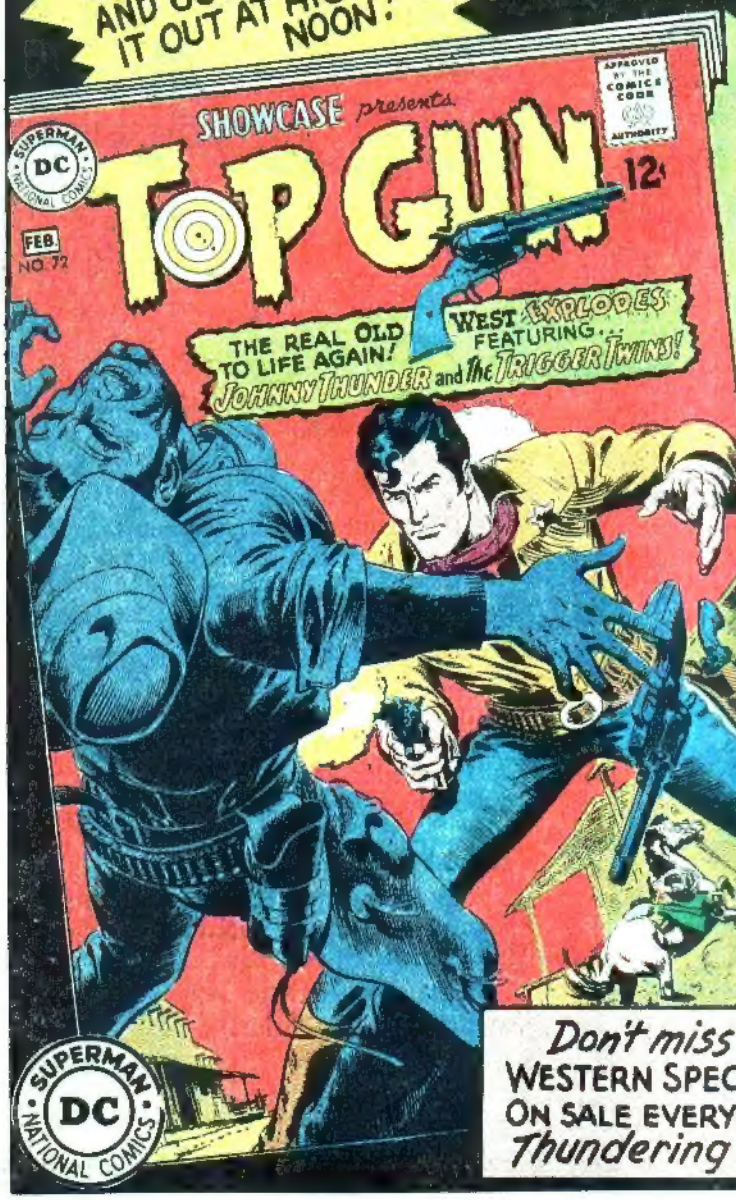
SHOWCASE presents
TOP GUN
12¢
FEB.
NO. 72
THE REAL OLD WEST EXPLODES TO LIFE AGAIN! FEATURING... JOHNNY THUNDER and the TRIGGER TWINS!
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SHOWCASE BRINGS BACK SEARING ACTION FEATURING TOP GUNS JOHNNY THUNDER AND THE TRIGGER TWINS IN SIZZLING STORIES WHICH WILL BRAND YOUR HEART!

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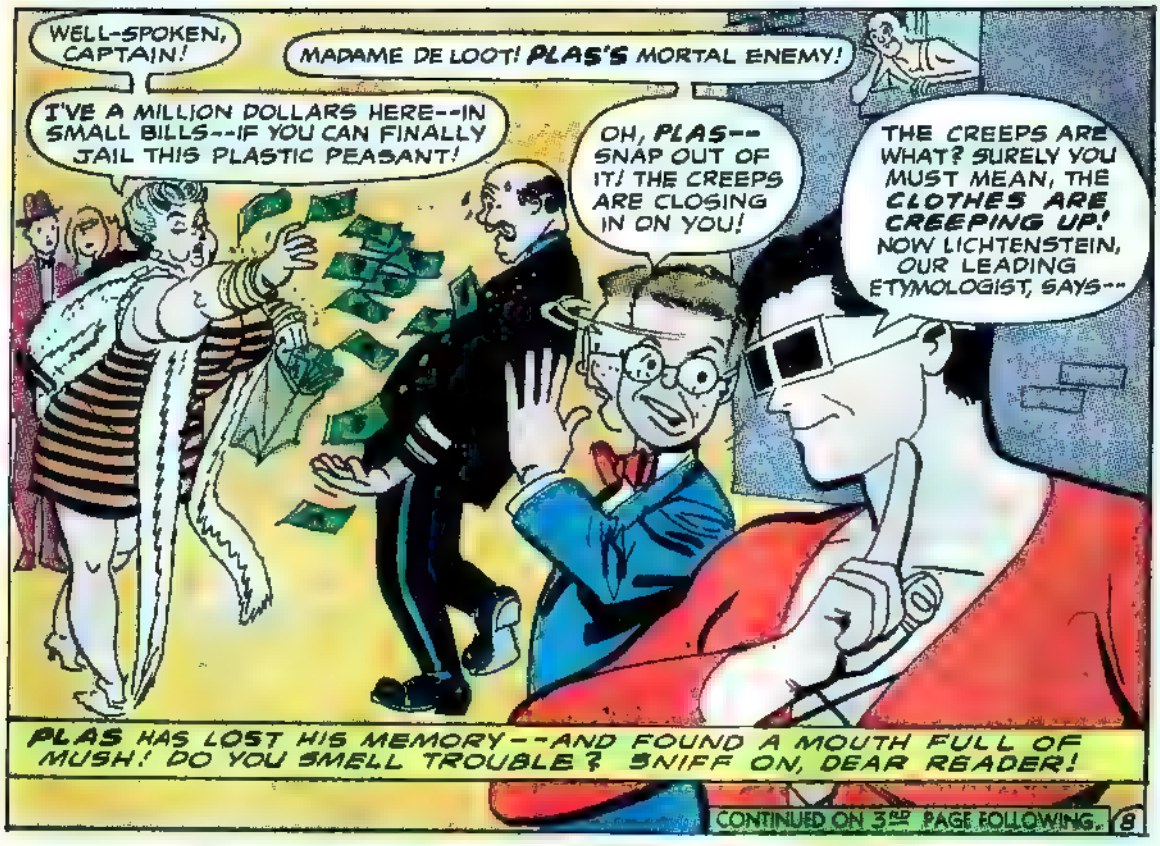
*Don't miss this* **SHOWCASE** WESTERN SPECIAL, No. 72, JAN-FEB.-- ON SALE EVERYWHERE NOV. 28, 1967-- *Thundering with* **TOP GUNS!**

YOU'RE NOT KIDDING ME, PLAS! THAT THING IS KILLING YOU! CAN YOU HOLD OUT ANOTHER MINUTE?
SURE, SURE, PAL-- (ARRRGH!) IT'S A CINCH! (UNNH!)
THEY'RE ALMOST ALL OFF, NOW!
GOOD! C--C--CAN'T HOLD OUT ANOTHER SECOND!
YOU DON'T HAVE TO! THEY'RE ALL SAFE! LET GO, PLAS!
BAWHOOOM!
PLAS! WHERE ARE YOU? PLAS! TELL ME YOU'RE ALL RIGHT!
HE--HE DIDN'T MAKE IT! HE'S TRAPPED UNDER THERE!
FASTER! DIG FASTER, YOU FOOLS! A GREAT HERO'S BURIED UNDER THERE! HE MAY BE--DEAD!
(UGGGH!) IF WE DIG ANY FASTER-- (PANT-PANT)--YOU'LL HAVE TEN MORE DEAD HEROES! (GASP!)
HEY, LOOK, MEN! A BEAUTIFUL PERSIAN CARPET! WHAT'S IT DOIN' IN THE MIDDLE OF STOKES STADIUM?
PUT THAT DOWN! THIS ISN'T AN ARCHAEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION! DIG! DIG! DIG!
5

HOLD IT! THAT CARPET! IT'S PLAS! HURRY, UNROLL HIM!
YOU KIDDING? WE'LL NEED THE STADIUM GROUND CREW TO UNROLL THAT THING!
OKAY AT THIS END!
NOT DOWN HERE, THOUGH! THIS END WON'T STAY UNROLLED! I'LL FIX THAT!
CUT THAT OUT! ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND?
WHAT'S-A BIG DEAL? WE ALWAYS FLATTEN THE STADIUM TARPAULIN THIS WAY!
PLASTIC MAN IS STILL UNCONSCIOUS! IS THERE A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE? IT'S URGENT!
I'M A DOCTOR, YOUNG MAN!
THANK GOODNESS! QUICK--EXAMINE HIM!
AN EXAMINATION, EH? ALL RIGHT!
YOU THERE--GIVE ME THE ETHNIC ORIGIN AND ETYMOLOGICAL DERIVATION OF THE AMERICAN COLLOQUIALISM, "DIG THAT COOL CHICK!"
HEY! WHAT KIND OF A DOCTOR ARE YOU?
A DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY, NATURALLY, MY GOOD FELLOW! DR. FILMORE VERBIAGE! SPECIALIZING IN ETYMOLOGY! THE DEVELOPMENT AND SOCIAL IMPLICATIONS OF LINGUISTIC SYMBOLISM-- WORDS TO YOU!
GRRR! WE NEED AN M.D.--NOT A N.U.T.!

JUST WHY DO YOU REQUIRE THE PROFESSIONAL MINISTRATIONS OF A DOCTOR OF MEDICINE, MY GOOD MAN?
HUH? TH--TH--THAT SOUNDS LIKE--
B-B--BUT IT COULD BE?
YOU HAVE PERHAPS CONFUSED MY VOCAL TONE AND LOCUTION WITH THOSE OF SOME PAST OR PRESENT ACQUAINTANCE?
PLAS! YOU'RE OKAY! B--BUT WHY DO YOU TALK SO FUNNY?
FUNNY?
WHOOPP!
YOU CALL HIS SPEECH--FUNNY? THE FINEST COMBINATION OF LANGUAGE, DICTION AND DRAMATIC READING SINCE WINSTON CHURCHILL--(SIGH)--YOU CALL, FUNNY?
LOOK, PLAS!
WHAT DID YOU CALL ME--"SIR?"
WHAT DID YOU CALL ME, SIR?
THAT'S WHAT I SAID, "WHAT DID YOU CALL ME, SIR?"
AHHHH! THE MOST PERFECT VERBAL RONDO SINCE ABBOT AND COSTELLO FIRST DID, "WHO'S ON FIRST?"!
OI'LL TELL YEZ WHAT HE CALLED YEZ! PLASTIC MAN! THAT'S WHAT! AND NOW OI'LL BET YOU'LL CLAIM YEZ NEVER HEARD O' HIM!
EXACTLY!
WHAT?!!
CAPTAIN McSNIFF! PLEASE--THAT BLOW ON HIS HEAD DID THIS! LET ME HANDLE IT!
NOT ON YOUR LIFE, TRUEBLOOD! OI'VE SUSPECTED YOUR PLASTIC PAL FOR YEARS--AND NOW OI'VE GOT A CHANCE TO PROVE IT!
7


WELL-SPOKEN, CAPTAIN!
MADAME DE LOOT! PLAS'S MORTAL ENEMY!
I'VE A MILLION DOLLARS HERE--IN SMALL BILLS--IF YOU CAN FINALLY JAIL THIS PLASTIC PEASANT!
OH, PLAS--SNAP OUT OF IT! THE CREEPS ARE CLOSING IN ON YOU!
THE CREEPS ARE WHAT? SURELY YOU MUST MEAN, THE CLOTHES ARE CREEPING UP! NOW LICHTENSTEIN, OUR LEADING ETYMOLOGIST, SAYS--
PLAS HAS LOST HIS MEMORY--AND FOUND A MOUTH FULL OF MUSH! DO YOU SMELL TROUBLE? SNIFF ON, DEAR READER!
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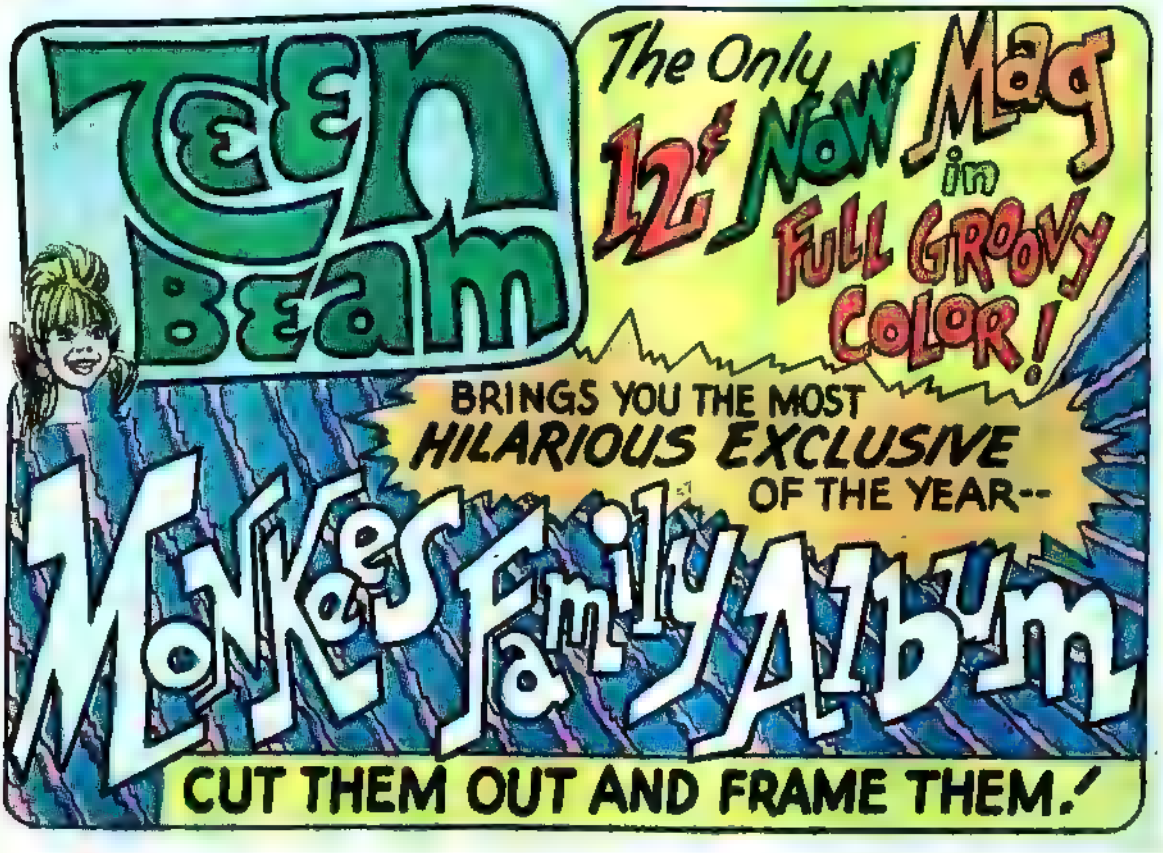
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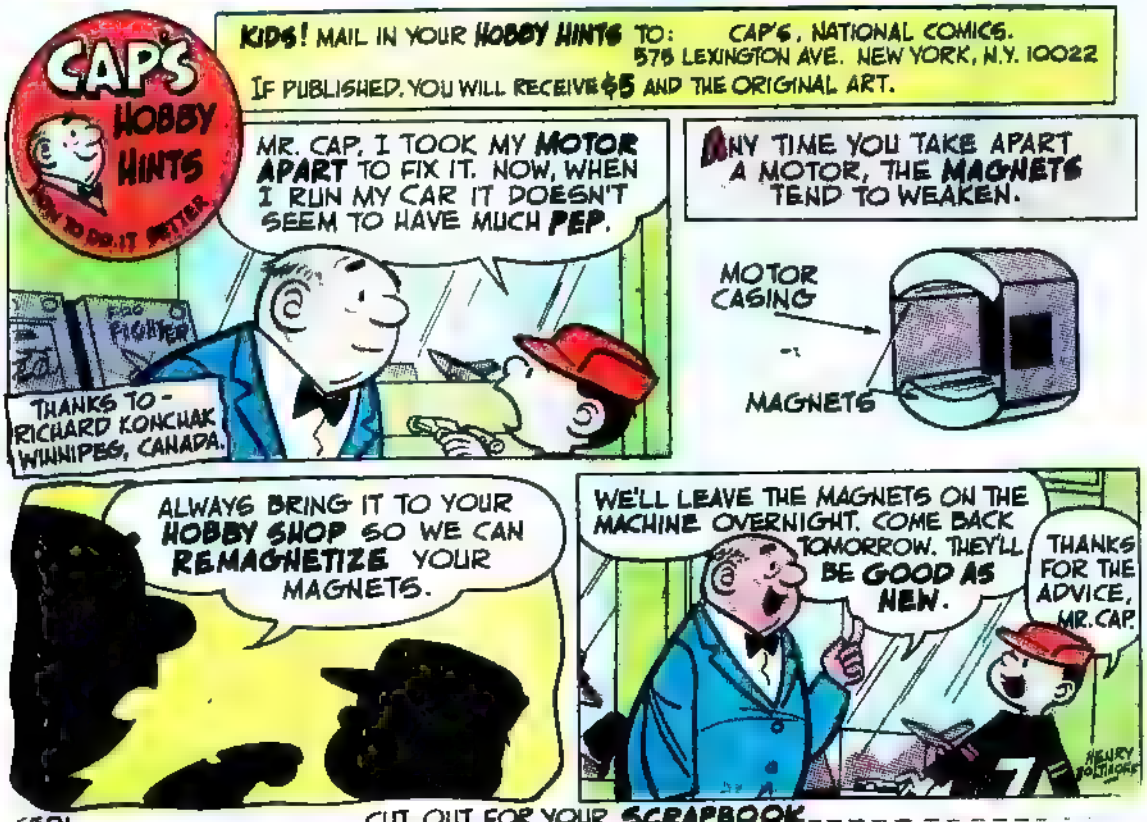
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MR. CAP, I TOOK MY MOTOR APART TO FIX IT. NOW, WHEN I RUN MY CAR IT DOESN'T SEEM TO HAVE MUCH PEP.
ANY TIME YOU TAKE APART A MOTOR, THE MAGNETS TEND TO WEAKEN.
MOTOR CASING
MAGNETS
THANKS TO - RICHARD KONCHAK WINNIPEG, CANADA.
ALWAYS BRING IT TO YOUR HOBBY SHOP SO WE CAN REMAGNETIZE YOUR MAGNETS.
WE'LL LEAVE THE MAGNETS ON THE MACHINE OVERNIGHT. COME BACK TOMORROW. THEY'LL BE GOOD AS NEW.
THANKS FOR THE ADVICE, MR. CAP.
HENRY BOLTINOFF
7

6591 ---------- CUT OUT FOR YOUR SCRAPBOOK ----------

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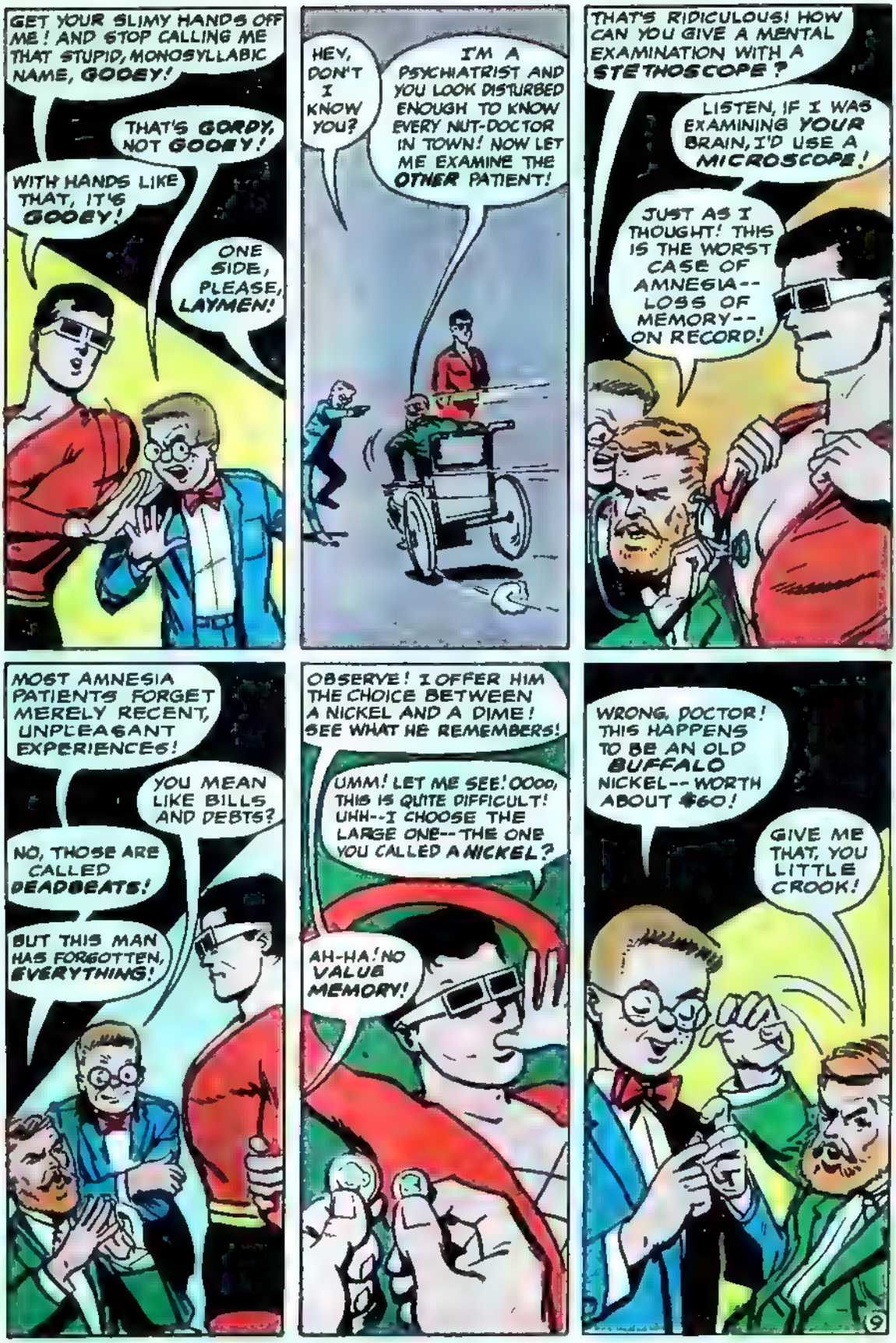
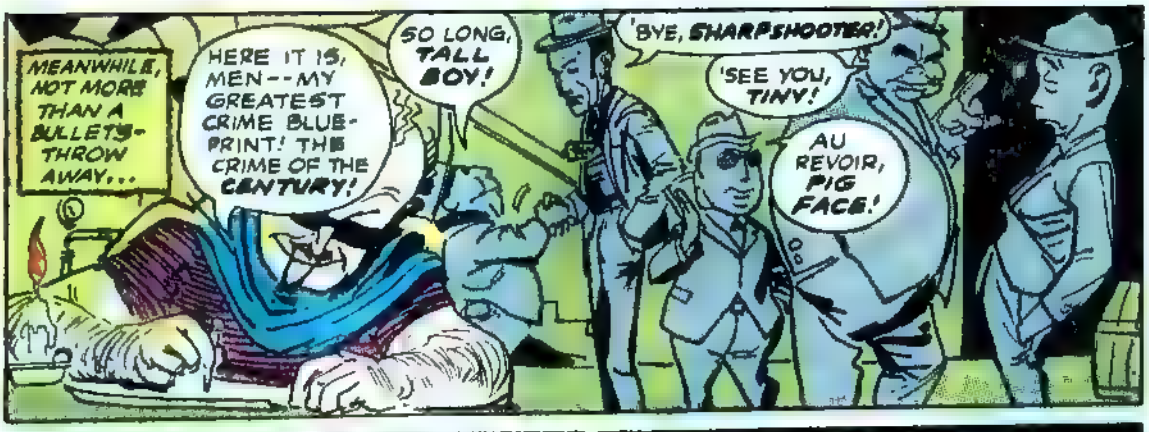
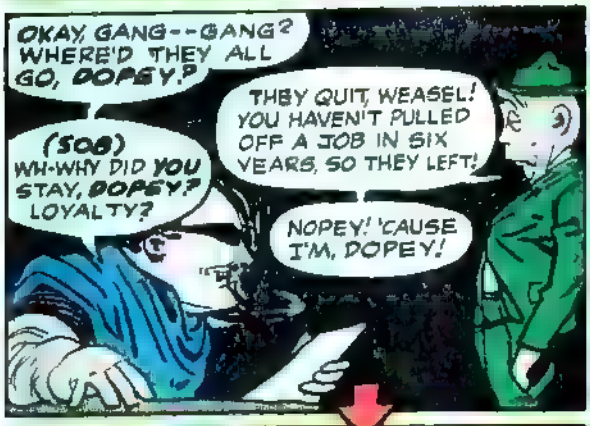

GET YOUR SLIMY HANDS OFF ME! AND STOP CALLING ME THAT STUPID, MONOSYLLABIC NAME, GOOEY!
THAT'S GORDY, NOT GOOEY!
WITH HANDS LIKE THAT, IT'S GOOEY!
ONE SIDE, PLEASE, LAYMEN!
HEY, DON'T I KNOW YOU?
I'M A PSYCHIATRIST AND YOU LOOK DISTURBED ENOUGH TO KNOW EVERY NUT-DOCTOR IN TOWN! NOW LET ME EXAMINE THE OTHER PATIENT!
THAT'S RIDICULOUS! HOW CAN YOU GIVE A MENTAL EXAMINATION WITH A STETHOSCOPE?
LISTEN, IF I WAS EXAMINING YOUR BRAIN, I'D USE A MICROSCOPE!
JUST AS I THOUGHT! THIS IS THE WORST CASE OF AMNESIA--LOSS OF MEMORY--ON RECORD!
MOST AMNESIA PATIENTS FORGET MERELY RECENT, UNPLEASANT EXPERIENCES!
YOU MEAN LIKE BILLS AND DEBTS?
NO, THOSE ARE CALLED DEADBEATS!
BUT THIS MAN HAS FORGOTTEN, EVERYTHING!
OBSERVE! I OFFER HIM THE CHOICE BETWEEN A NICKEL AND A DIME! SEE WHAT HE REMEMBERS!
UMM! LET ME SEE! OOOO, THIS IS QUITE DIFFICULT! UHH--I CHOOSE THE LARGE ONE--THE ONE YOU CALLED A NICKEL?
AH-HA! NO VALUE MEMORY!
WRONG, DOCTOR! THIS HAPPENS TO BE AN OLD BUFFALO NICKEL--WORTH ABOUT $60!
GIVE ME THAT, YOU LITTLE CROOK!
9

THE POINT IS, THIS MAN IS A TOTAL BLANK!
WHAT'S A BLANK?
HE'S EVEN LOST HIS PERSONALITY! HE'S BEEN REPLACING IT WITH THE CHARACTER TRAITS OF THE FIRST PEOPLE WHO SPOKE TO HIM!
"FROM THIS PEDANT, HE DERIVED HIS WINDBAG LANGUAGE!"
"FROM THE POLICE CAPTAIN, HIS SUSPICION OF EVERYTHING!"
"AND FROM MADAME DE LOOT, HIS INSUFFERABLE SNOBISHNESS!"
THAT'S THE MOST RIDICULOUS DIAGNOSIS I EVER HEARD!
ARE YOU TELLING ME HOW TO--?
LISTEN, BORN-SQUARE, I WAS CURING DEMENTIA PRAECOX WHEN YOU WERE STILL WIPING YOUR GLASSES WITH YOUR DIAPERS!
THE FACT IS, THIS MAN IS STILL A NEAR-BLANK! HE CAN'T EVEN DISTINGUISH RIGHT FROM WRONG!
UNSCIENTIFIC POPPYCOCK--WAIT! NOW I KNOW WHO YOU ARE! YOU'RE DR. CAULDER, CHIEF OF "THE DOOM PATROL!" A NEURO-SURGEON--NOT A PSYCHIATRIST!
GENTLEMEN! PLEASE! WHILE YOU'VE BEEN ARGUING--PLASTIC MAN HAS WALKED OFF!
ARE YOU ACCUSING ME OF PRACTICING WITHOUT A LICENSE? WHY, YOU YO-YO-HEADED, LITTLE--
THAT'S TERRIBLE! A COMPLETE BLANK LIKE THAT IS AT THE MERCY OF ANYONE HE RUNS INTO! HE'LL ABSORB ANY MORALITY!
THAT'S A LOT OF NONSENSE!


MEANWHILE, NOT MORE THAN A BULLET'S-THROW AWAY...
HERE IT IS, MEN--MY GREATEST CRIME BLUE-PRINT! THE CRIME OF THE CENTURY!
SO LONG, TALL BOY!
'BYE, SHARPSHOOTER!
'SEE YOU, TINY!
AU REVOIR, PIG FACE!


OKAY, GANG--GANG? WHERE'D THEY ALL GO, DOPEY?
(SOB) WH-WHY DID YOU STAY, DOPEY? LOYALTY?
THEY QUIT, WEASEL! YOU HAVEN'T PULLED OFF A JOB IN SIX YEARS, SO THEY LEFT!
NOPEY! 'CAUSE I'M, DOPEY!

AT THAT VERY SECOND...
WHAT'S A LIGHT?
PLASTIC MAN-- THE LIGHT! YOU'RE WALKIN' AGAINST THE LIGHT!
SCREEEE!
SCREEEE!

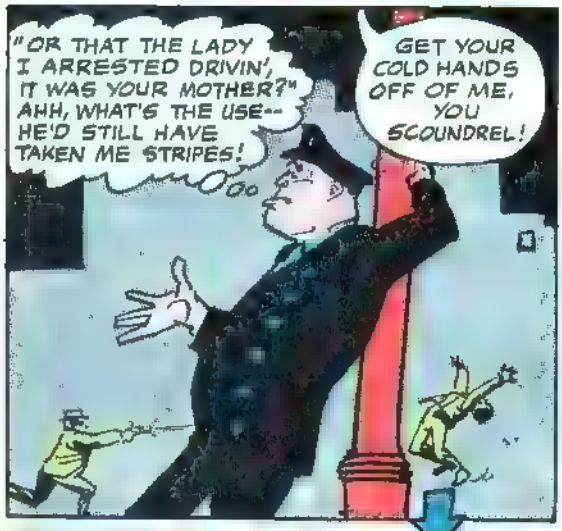
YOU THINK IRVING WAISEL IS THROUGH, EH, WORLD? WELL, YOU'RE WRONG!
YOU HAVEN'T HEARD THE LAST OF -- WAISEL THE WEASEL!
WHAT'S A WEASEL?
OOOO, BOY! ARE YOU GONNA FIND OUT IN A MINUTE!

PLASTIC MAN--THE SCOURGE OF CRIME! I'M NO MATCH FOR HIM!
HOLD IT! IF I'M OUT TO PROVE I'M THE NEW WEASEL--THE IMPROVED WEASEL--THE SUPER-WEASEL--HERE'S MY CHANCE! (GULP!)
PLASTIC MAN! PREPARE TO DIE!
YIII

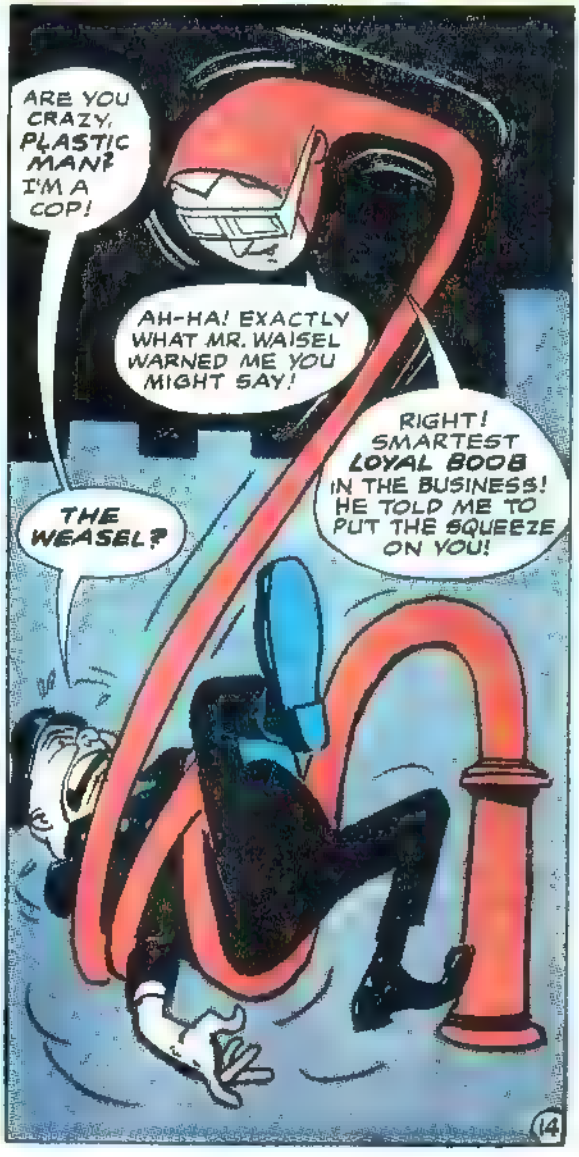
WHO AM I? I--I'M CERTAIN I'M SOMEBODY! A BRILLIANT FELLOW--YOU CAN TELL THAT FROM MY USE OF LANGUAGE! AND CULTERED, TOO!
HOLY HANNAH! IF HE'S LOST ALL HIS MEMORY--I'M MADE! GOTTA TEST HIM OUT, THOUGH!
YOU, SIR? YOU ARE THE ONE AND ONLY--PLASTIC MAN! CRIME FIGHTER SUPREME!
I--I--I?
HOW NICE! AND WHO, PRAY TELL, ARE YOU?
WELL--HERE GOES!
I, GOOD FRIEND, AM--THE WEASEL! YOUR LOYAL ASSISTANT!
WONDERFUL! SHAKE, ASSISTANT!
SO YOU'RE MY LOYAL BOOB, EH? THE ONE WHO SAYS, "I DON'T GET IT!" AND--
"--IT BEATS ME, PLAS!" AND--
"PLASTIC MAN, YOU'VE DONE IT AGAIN!"
YEAH, THAT'S ME--THE LOYAL-BUBIE! I'M THE GUY WHO TELLS YOU WHO TO FIGHT AND HOW! 'CAUSE YOU SUPER-HEROES ARE TOO BUSY TO WORRY ABOUT DETAILS!
A MARVELOUS ARRANGEMENT! 20TH CENTURY SPECIALIZATION, EH?
YEAH! FOR EXAMPLE--THERE GOES A MEMBER OF THE BLUE-COAT GANG! YOU CAN TELL BY THAT COSTUME HE WEARS!
REALLY DANGEROUS, EH? DON'T WORRY--I'LL HANDLE HIM!

HOLD IT, PLAS--A WORD OF ADVICE FROM THE LOYAL BOOB!
YOU SEE, THIS PARTICULAR ONE LIKES TO STOP EVERY BLOCK AND-- (Bzzzz Bzzzzz...)

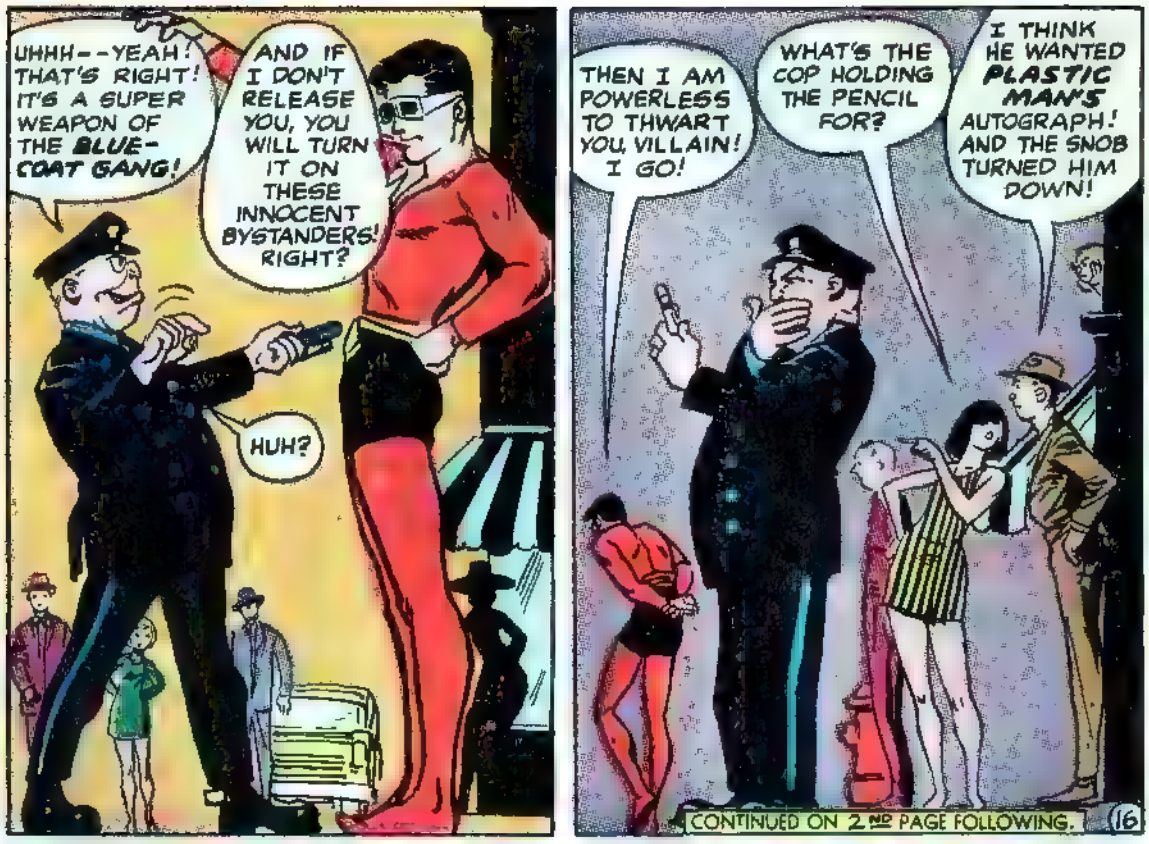
I SHOULD'VE SAID, "CAPTAIN McSNIFF, HOW WAS I TO KNOW IT WAS YOUR CAR I WAS PUTTIN' THE TAG ON FOR ILLEGAL PARKING?"


"OR THAT THE LADY I ARRESTED DRIVIN', IT WAS YOUR MOTHER?" AHH, WHAT'S THE USE-- HE'D STILL HAVE TAKEN ME STRIPES!
GET YOUR COLD HANDS OFF OF ME, YOU SCOUNDREL!

WHO CALLED ME A--?
AHH, IT'S YOU, PLASTIC MAN! FOR A MINUTE, I THOUGHT IT WAS SOME MUG!
THE ONLY MUG HERE IS YOU!
HUH?


ARE YOU CRAZY, PLASTIC MAN? I'M A COP!
AH-HA! EXACTLY WHAT MR. WAISEL WARNED ME YOU MIGHT SAY!
THE WEASEL?
RIGHT! SMARTEST LOYAL BOOB IN THE BUSINESS! HE TOLD ME TO PUT THE SQUEEZE ON YOU!
14

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR GAME IS, PLASTIC MAN-- BUT I AIN'T PLAYIN'-- GRRRR!
THOMP!
YEOW!
HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT, YOU DOUBLE-CROSSIN' CRIME-BUSTER!?
BAWOOOWNG!
I'VE GOT A GOOD LEAD ON THAT PLASTIC MANIAC! HE'LL NEVER CATCH ME!
WHOOOSH!
NOW I'LL JUST DOUBLE BACK AND SNEAK UP ON--
OH, NO! IT'S YOU--! I SHOULD'VE EXPECTED SOMETHING LIKE THIS!
RRROWF!
OKAY, PLASTIC MAN-- I REALIZED YOU WERE OUT OF YOUR MIND, SO I DIDN'T USE MY GUN! BUT NOW I'M FORCED TO!
HANDS UP!
I PULLED OUT MY PENCIL BY MISTAKE!
I DON'T CARE WHAT KIND OF SUPER-WEAPON THAT IS--
SUPER-WEAP-- MAN, HAS HE FLIPPED!
15


UHHH--YEAH! THAT'S RIGHT! IT'S A SUPER WEAPON OF THE BLUE-COAT GANG!
AND IF I DON'T RELEASE YOU, YOU WILL TURN IT ON THESE INNOCENT BYSTANDERS! RIGHT?
HUH?
THEN I AM POWERLESS TO THWART YOU, VILLAIN! I GO!
WHAT'S THE COP HOLDING THE PENCIL FOR?
I THINK HE WANTED PLASTIC MAN'S AUTOGRAPH! AND THE SNOB TURNED HIM DOWN!
CONTINUED ON 2ND PAGE FOLLOWING.
16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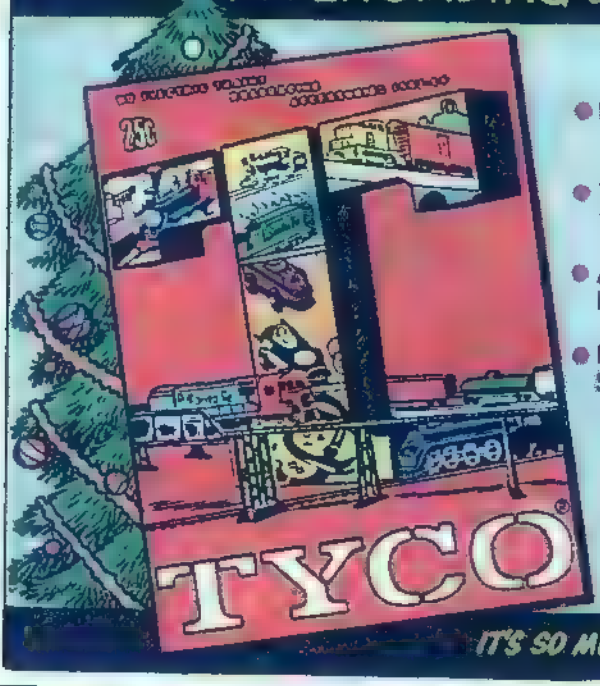


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.....

.....

NEVER MIND, PLAS! I GOT GREAT PLANS FOR YOU!
PLANS THAT'LL MAKE YOU THE BIGGEST NAME IN THE SUPER-HERO BUSINESS! LISTEN--
THAT NIGHT...
ARE YOU SURE YOUR BROTHER-IN-LAW, THE BANK PRESIDENT, WANTS US TO OPEN HIS SAFE AT NIGHT?
ABSOLUTELY! IT'S STUCK! AND THERE COULD BE A LOT OF DISAPPOINTED DEPOSITORS IN THE MORNING!
AND HOW!
HE'S LATE! AND IT'S GETTING CHILLY! I SURE WISH WE COULD WAIT INSIDE--BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
NIGHT DEPOSITS
WHOOSH
NOT AT ALL, WEASEL--I'M AN OLD NIGHT DEPOSITOR, MYSELF!
BANK
THE FOLLOWING MORNING...
HI, WEASEL! MORNING PAPER ARRIVE YET?
N-N-NOT YET, PLAS! MUST HAVE BEEN HELD UP BY A BANK--I MEAN, A STRIKE!
N--NEWSPAPER BANK--I MEAN, STRIKE!
BIG BANK ROBBERY
THE NEXT NIGHT...
WASN'T THERE ANY OTHER WAY THE MEDICAL AUTHORITIES IN AFGHANISTAN COULD GET THIS PRICELESS RADIUM?
NOT AT THIS HOUR OF NIGHT! AND BY MORNING THAT POOR LITTLE BOY WOULD BE DEAD OF AFGHANISTANIAN KID FEVER!
RADIUM
HOSPITAL

WEASEL, ARE YOU DOWN THERE?
Y--Y--YEAH, PLAS! HAD TO HEAT UP THE HOUSE A BIT!
HURRY, DOPES! IF PLAS READS THOSE HEADLINES, HE'LL REALLY MAKE IT HOT FOR US!
MILLIONS IN RADIUM STOLEN
MAYOR DEMANDS ACTION!
PLASTICMAN MASTER CRIMINAL
ACTION
AFTER NINE DAYS, THE MAYOR COMPLETES HIS INSTANT DECISION . . .
THAT'S IT! FROM NOW ON, MY ORDERS ARE--"SHOOT TO KILL!"
ABSOLUTELY, YER HONOR! BUT DID YEZ HAVE ANYBODY IN PARTICULAR IN MIND?
DIDN'T I SAY, PLASTIC MAN?
MR. MAYOR--I BEG OF YOU--LET ME TRY TO REASON WITH PLAS FIRST!
NO GOOD, TRUEBLOOD! HE'S THE WEASEL'S PUPPET!
AND OI'M GONNA CUT HIS STRINGS!
BUT WHAT OF MIKE-- MICHELINE DE LUTE--WHO LOVES PLAS MORE THAN ANYTHING ('CAUSE SHE'S GOT EVERYTHING . .)
OOOOOo! NOW THAT PLAS IS SLIGHTLY CRIMINAL, HE'S MORE IRRESISTIBLE THAN EVER!
I MUST SEE HIM! BUT DEAR MOMS IS SUSPICIOUS OF ANYBODY BORN POOR--LESS THAN THREE MILLIONS THAT IS--AND AFTER 1917! SO--
18

BLAM
...SHE'LL PROBABLY TAKE PRECAUTIONS TO PREVENT ME FROM SEEING MY CROOKED ROMEO!
BLAM!
THAT DOES IT! AND SHE CAN'T GO OUT THE WINDOW--
--BECAUSE I'VE TAKEN THE PRECAUTION OF LOCKING UP EVERY LADDER! AND THERE'S NO LATTICE OUTSIDE THE WINDOW--
--SO SHE CAN'T CLIMB DOWN! I'VE TAKEN CARE OF EVERY EXIT!
SO LONG, MOMS! DON'T WAIT UP FOR ME!
OH NO--!
KILMER'S TREES
ANYTHING FROM A SAPLING TO A STUPID SEQUOIA!
YOU'VE GOT TO GET UP EARLY IN THE MORNING TO GET AHEAD OF MY DAUGHTER--
--BUT I NEVER SLEEP!
SORRY, MADAM-- THE RED CARPET IS NOT BACK FROM THE CLEANER YET! (BLUCHHH!)
19

NOW I MUST SEARCH HIGH AND LOW FOR MY GANGSTER, PLASTIC MAN! CAN HARDLY WAIT TO KISS THOSE ILLEGAL LIPS OF HIS!
DRAT! A TRUCKFUL OF BOY SCOUTS! THEY'RE BOUND TO SLOW ME UP--ALL THOSE EAGER, BRIGHT-EYED BOYS!
NOW, CRIME SCOUTS OF AMERICA, TIME FOR OUR OATH! "I SOLEMNLY PLEDGE TO RIGHT WRONGS, LEND A FRIENDLY HAND AND BRUSH MY TEETH AFTER EVERY MEAL!"
BLUCHHH!
START PLEDGING, PORKY, YOU DOPE! THIS SHMO IS OUR GREATEST WEAPON!
POW
OWWW! "I SULLENLY PLEDGE TO WRONG RIGHTS, BITE A FRIENDLY HAND, AND--"
THIS MUST BE THE ARMORED TRUCK THAT YOUR COUSIN THE GOVERNOR TOLD YOU HAD BEEN STOLEN!
THE VERY ONE!
GO GET IT, CRIME FIGHTER!
PLAS--PULLING ANOTHER JOB! AND I'M HERE TO SEE CRIME HISTORY IN THE MAKING! HOW SUPER!

A MOMENT LATER, INSIDE THE ARMORED TRUCK...
ANOTHER TWO HOURS BEFORE WE GET TO DELIVER THIS TWO MILLION TO THE BANK! LET ME HAVE SOME COFFEE FROM MY THERMOS, JOE!
RIGHT, JACK!
J--J--JACK! TH--THIS THERMOS--! DID Y--YOUR WIFE BUY IT IN AN ANTIQUE SH--SHOP? AND D--D--DID IT USED TO BE A M--M--MAGIC LAMP?
FREE! AFTER 2,000 YEARS!
THOUGHT YOU'D GET AWAY WITH A FORTUNE BY IMPERSONATING ARMORED CAR DRIVERS, EH? NOT A CHANCE, TWO-GUN TWERPLEY!
TWO-GUN WHO?
UGGGH!
POW!
LOOK AT HOW THEY SMILE AT THEIR WORK! DOESN'T THE SIGHT OF IT FILL YOUR HEART WITH GLEE?
YOU SAID IT, PLAS! (SIGH!)
OOO, PLAS--YOU DARING GOOD-FOR-NOTHING! KNOCKING OVER AN ARMORED CAR! HOW THRILLING!
HUH?
DON'T YOU KNOW ME, MY CUDDLY CROOK? I'M MIKE--YOUR GANG GIRL!
YOU'VE BEEN PROPOSING TO ME FOR YEARS--AND I'VE ALWAYS REJECTED YOU! REMEMBER? BUT NOW--I ACCEPT!
I--I--HAVE? Y--YOU DO?
CUT THAT OUT!
SMACK!
MMM!
21

MR. WAISEL! SH--SHE SAYS I'M-- (GASP!) A CROOK!
SHE'S A LIAR!
WATCH IT, WEASEL! YOU CALLED A BEAUTIFUL, YOUNG GIRL A--LIAR!
NOW YOU TAKE THAT BACK BEFORE I COUNT THREE! ONE--TWO--
HERE! HIT HIM WITH THIS! MONEY ALWAYS DID GO TO THE WEASEL'S HEAD!
NO, THANK YOU, MA'AM! A GOOD CAUSE REQUIRES FEW WEAPONS!
WHOOOOSH!
KLOMMP!
POO! YOU'RE NOT REALLY A CROOK! THEY'VE GOT YOU BAMBOOZLED, THAT'S ALL!
WHAT'S A BAMBOO--
OOOOF!
WHOOSH
KAWH
MMP
PLASTIC MAN'S BEEN KAYOED! GOOD! HE WAS STARTIN' TO SMELL A RAT-- A WHOLE GANG OF 'EM, IN FACT!
WE'LL ESCAPE WITH THE ELEVATED TRAIN! EVERYBODY, UPSTAIRS! I'LL KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR PLAS OR THE COPS!
ELEVATED TRAIN SYSTEM
CONTINUED ON 2ND PAGE FOLLOWING.
22

REMEMBER THIS BOY?

REMEMBER HIS VOW AT HIS PARENTS' GRAVE?

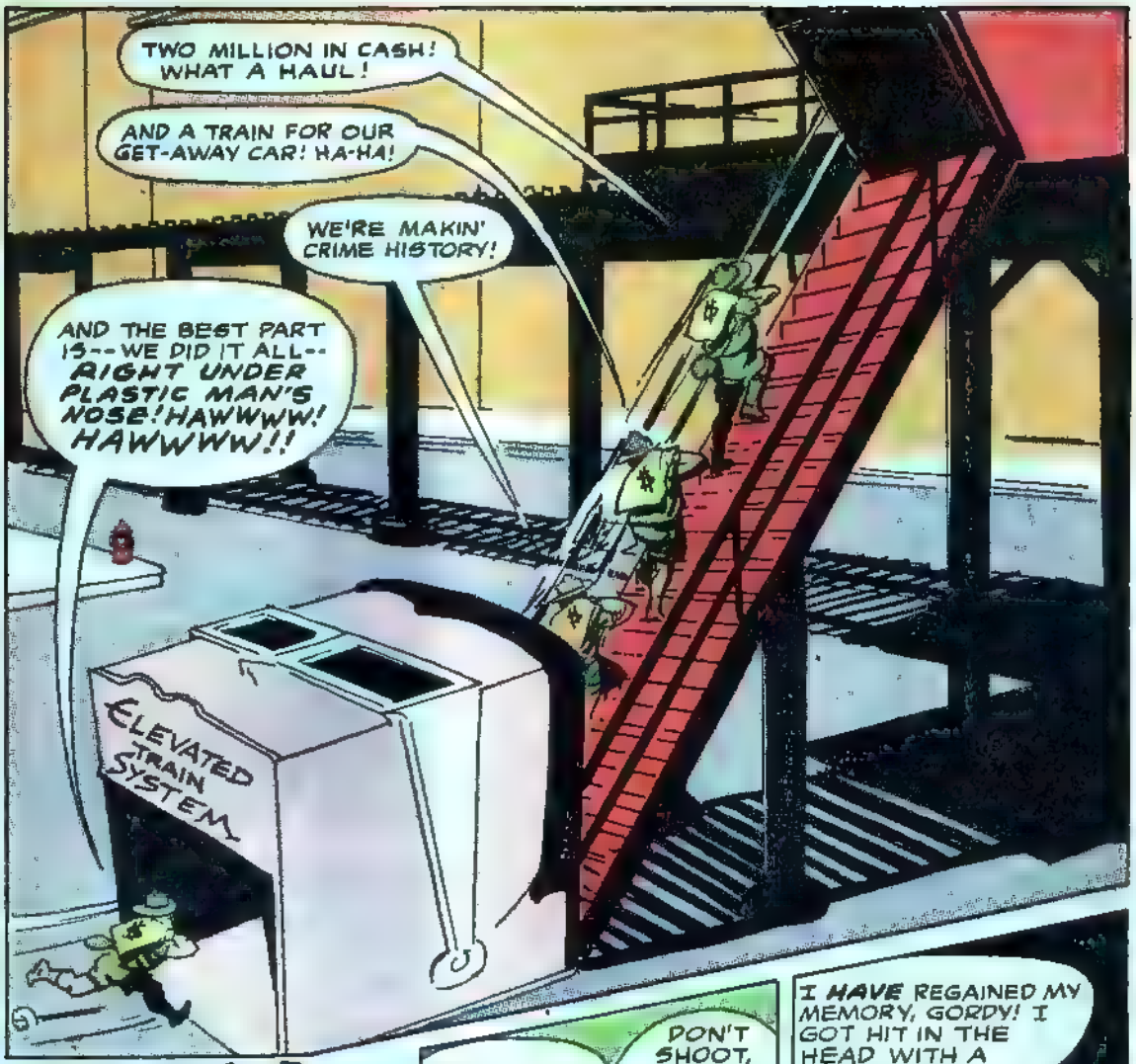
I SWEAR I'LL DEDICATE MY LIFE AND INHERITANCE TO BRINGING YOUR KILLER TO JUSTICE... AND TO FIGHTING ALL CRIMINALS! I SWEAR IT!

WAYNE THOMAS MARTHA

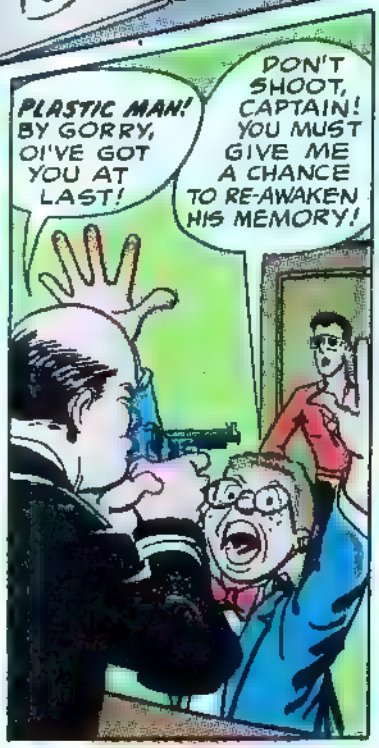
NOW FROM THE GOLDEN AGE OF COMICS COMES THE STORY OF HOW BRUCE WAYNE FULFILLED THAT BOYHOOD VOW.. AS BATMAN!

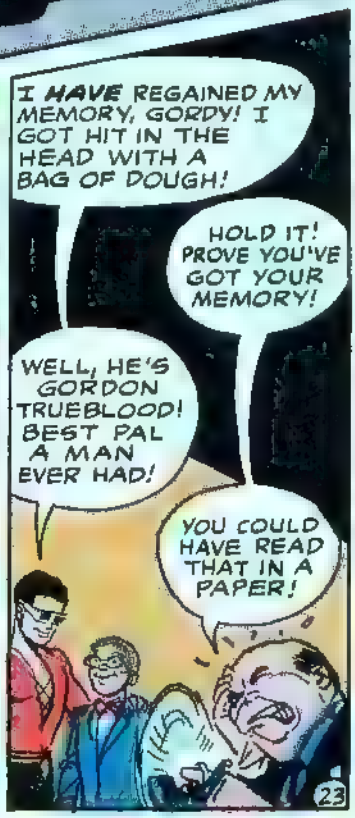
ON SALE NOV 14th

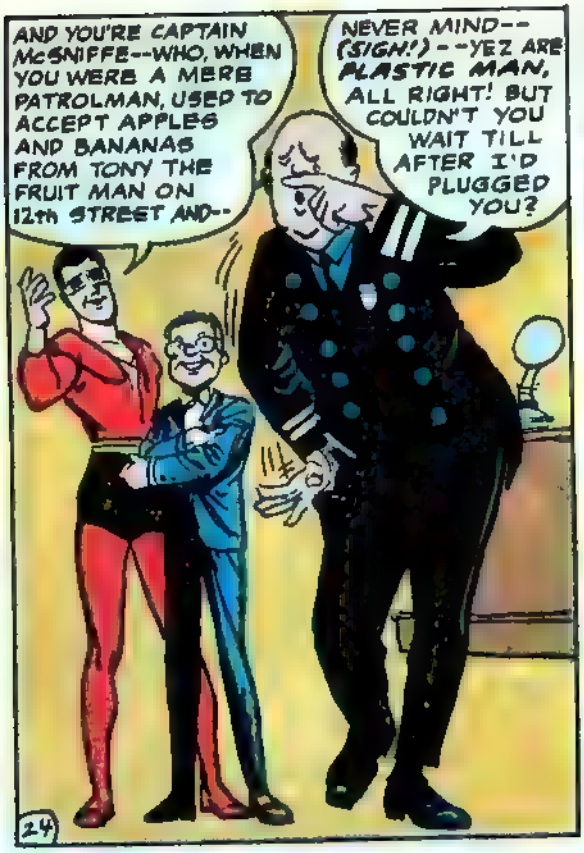
Also IN THIS FABULOUS All-Villain ISSUE... The Joker in "The CRIMES of BATMAN!" The Catwoman in "The JUNGLE CAT-QUEEN!" and The Penguin IN A COMPLETE NEWSPAPER SYNDICATED STORY NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED IN ANY MAGAZINE!

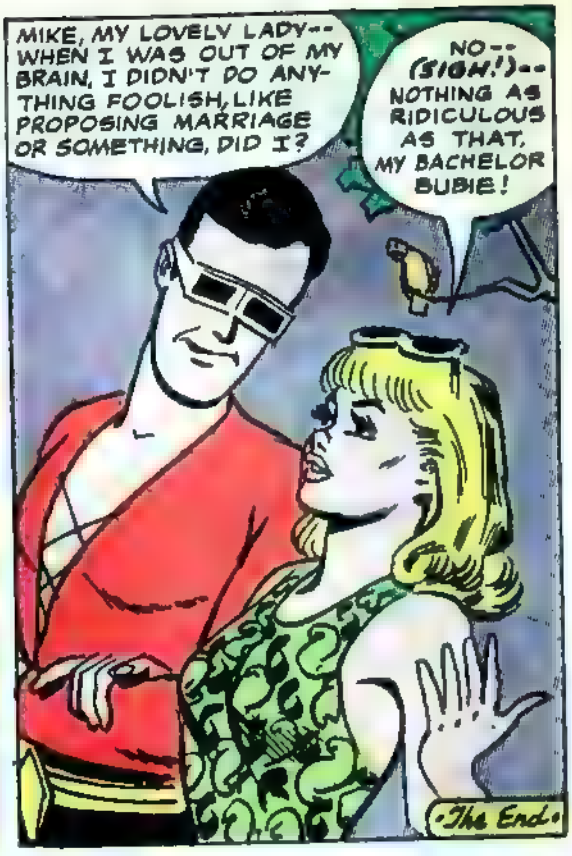

TWO MILLION IN CASH! WHAT A HAUL!
AND A TRAIN FOR OUR GET-AWAY CAR! HA-HA!
WE'RE MAKIN' CRIME HISTORY!
AND THE BEST PART IS--WE DID IT ALL-- RIGHT UNDER PLASTIC MAN'S NOSE! HAWWWW! HAWWWW!!
ELEVATED TRAIN SYSTEM

CRACK!
BANG!
WHAM!
SOCK!
OWWW!


PLASTIC MAN! BY GORRY, OI'VE GOT YOU AT LAST!
DON'T SHOOT, CAPTAIN! YOU MUST GIVE ME A CHANCE TO RE-AWAKEN HIS MEMORY!


I HAVE REGAINED MY MEMORY, GORDY! I GOT HIT IN THE HEAD WITH A BAG OF DOUGH!
HOLD IT! PROVE YOU'VE GOT YOUR MEMORY!
WELL, HE'S GORDON TRUEBLOOD! BEST PAL A MAN EVER HAD!
YOU COULD HAVE READ THAT IN A PAPER!


AND YOU'RE CAPTAIN McSNIFFE--WHO, WHEN YOU WERE A MERE PATROLMAN, USED TO ACCEPT APPLES AND BANANAS FROM TONY THE FRUIT MAN ON 12th STREET AND--
NEVER MIND-- (SIGH!) --YEZ ARE PLASTIC MAN, ALL RIGHT! BUT COULDN'T YOU WAIT TILL AFTER I'D PLUGGED YOU?
24


MIKE, MY LOVELY LADY-- WHEN I WAS OUT OF MY BRAIN, I DIDN'T DO ANY-THING FOOLISH, LIKE PROPOSING MARRIAGE OR SOMETHING, DID I?
NO-- (SIGH!)-- NOTHING AS RIDICULOUS AS THAT, MY BACHELOR BUBIE!
-The End-

The DAY is COMING CLOSER!
EDITORIAL DEPT.
DON'T DISTOIB

# an IMPOSSIBLE INTERVIEW with an IMPOSSIBLE MAN

No, you palpitatin' PLASTIC MAN-iacs, this isn't a hirsute hippie, a bewhiskered Santa, or a Hollywood ham playing the part of Czar Nicholas or King George. He's smilin' Jack Sparling, and he's the new peerless perpetrator of our elastic, fantastic PLASTIC MAN.

We cornered Gentleman Jack behind his littered drawing desk the other day, stepping over stacks of unused razor blades, to elicit some info, and here is the gloriously goofy but groovy result.

**Reporter:** Sir! You with the Schnauzer-like beard! Would you stop staring out the window at that hamburger-and-pizza stand and grant me an interview for PLASTIC MAN? You are drawing PLASTIC MAN, and you are Jack Sparling?

**Sparling:** That's sort of campy, isn't it?

**Reporter:** PLASTIC? Or Sparling?

**Sparling:** Either.

**Reporter:** Snob!

**Sparling:** Flatterer!

**Reporter:** I'm trying to interview you in depth, get some of your vital statistics.

**Sparling:** Hm-m-m.

**Reporter:** Let's start at the beginning.

**Sparling:** I couldn't think of a better place.

**Reporter:** Where were you born, and which art school did you attend?

**Sparling:** Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, and the New Orleans Art Institute. In that order, you understand, not vice versa.

**Reporter:** I have a feeling that you're fighting this interview. Why?

**Sparling:** It interrupts my inexorable march to oblivion. But I suppose oblivion can wait!

**Reporter:** Beautiful!

**Sparling:** I am approaching—er—leaving the half-century mark at the speed of Mach 2. On the way, I have accumulated two wives, three children, and five or six internationally syndicated newspaper comic strips . . . but not all at one time. I now live on a 20-acre hill in the northwest corner of Connecticut in a house of my own design, a double-A frame dwelling with bedrooms separating the two A's. There's a 14-mile view from the front of the place, and on a clear day you can see just beyond the second mortgage. But it's a great place to listen to my favorite three B's: Bach, Beethoven, and the Beatles.

**Reporter:** Ich! This isn't Ancient History, Sparling. Will you get down to the nitty-gritty, and tell us why you can't hold onto a comic strip?

**Sparling:** I never thought you'd ask!

**Reporter:** So-o-o?

**Sparling:** It's very simple, really. Whenever one of my syndicated comic strips began to phase out, I would kill it. A simple acknowledgement of my deep regard for the reading habits of the American public. Never inflict a comic strip on the American public that is dead. The very opposite is practiced by some syndicates. Some are prone to run a dead feature 20 years beyond its demise.

**Reporter:** How about comic magazines?

**Sparling:** Now you're talking, son! They're in gear. They dig it! Already up to and past the 21st Century. They don't keep up with the times. They go past 'em!

**Reporter:** I get the picture, sir. Careful when you get down from that soapbox! Really, sir, you are brave!

**Sparling:** You're crying!

**Reporter:** I can't help it! What a beautiful thought! You're truly one of nature's noblemen! Saving America from inferior comic strips!

**Sparling:** I'm sorry to—er—dampen the interview.

**Reporter:** Sniff . . . (cough) . . . sniff . . . I'm crying about the interview. It's inferior, too!

# DIRECT CURRENTS

Suppose you inherited a fortune. . .with the proviso that you spend a MILLION DOLLARS in 24 HOURS? Think it sounds easy? Then see the problems JIMMY OLSEN has when he tries to squander a million as "THE MIDA$ OF METROPOLI$," in his **January** issue, **No. 108**! Plus a Hall of Fame Classic, "THE BOY SWORDSMAN!" On sale Nov. 23.

How does an issue of **THE INFERIOR FIVE** come into being? The writer asked the artist and the artist asked the editor, and HE asked the rest of the staff. . .and nobody seemed to know. But we did a story about it ANYWAY! Meet JACK MILLER, E. NELSON BRIDWELL, and other unbelievable characters in the **February** issue, **No. 6**, on sale Nov. 23.

Stripped of his power ring, **GREEN LANTERN** finds himself in the toughest fight of his life—FOR HIS LIFE—when he becomes HIS OWN WORST ENEMY! How does it happen? You can find out by reading "PERILS OF THE POWERLESS GREEN LANTERN!" in the EMERALD GLADIATOR'S **January** issue, **No. 58**, when it goes on sale, Nov. 23!

Can a ghost cry? Can a corpse mourn his past life? Ask the man who was once known as BOSTON BRAND—but is now called DEADMAN—as he continues his ghoulish relentless pursuit of the hook-handed man who murdered him! The newest, most startling hero in comics stars in the **January STRANGE ADVENTURES, No. 208**, on sale Nov. 30!

BATGIRL may fight like a male, but her thinking is strictly female! Imagine BATMAN'S and ROBIN'S dismay when the DOMINOED DAREDOLL calmly takes time out from a fight to dab on some make-up and tidy up her costume! It's all in "BATGIRL'S COSTUME CUTUPS," featured in the **January** ish of **DETECTIVE, No. 371**, on sale Nov. 30!

Would you believe she's 2,000 years old? Who are we talking about? She's "JEZEBA, QUEEN OF FURY," and she wants to marry none other than—**METAMORPHO**, your lovable ol' ELEMENT MAN! And when JEZEBA sinks her hooks into you. . .well. . .see for yourself what happens in the **February** issue, **No. 16**, on sale Nov. 28.

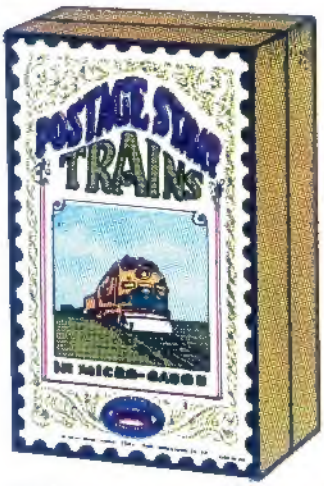
What inconceivable power is packed into SUPERMAN'S fists! If he swung a little TOO HARD, is there a man alive who'd still BE alive after the MAN OF STEEL'S knuckles connected with him? You'll see it HAPPEN in the shocker of the century. . ."SUPERMAN—GUILTY OF HOMICIDE!" **January ACTION, No. 358**, on sale Nov. 30.

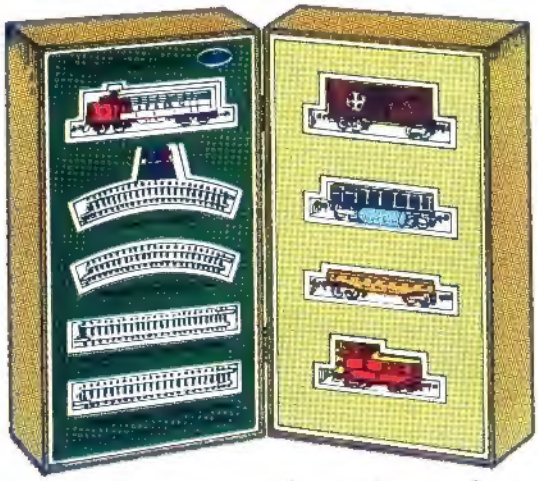
# A LOIS YOU'VE NEVER SEEN BEFORE!

SUPERMAN NATIONAL COMICS
DC
SUPERMAN'S
PALS
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
JAN.
NO. 80
LOIS LANE
12¢
GET OUT OF MY MAGAZINE, SUPERMAN! I'M LEAVING METROPOLIS TO START A NEW LIFE... ONE THAT DOESN'T INCLUDE YOU!
GIRL FRIEND
AT LAST! The IMPOSSIBLE comes TRUE! It's... "SPLITSVILLE for LOIS and SUPERMAN!"

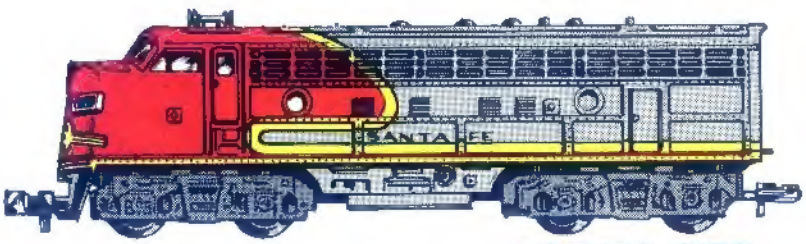
MAD AND MAD

WATCH OUT FOR HER!



*Have you heard about the new electric trains that come in a book?*




ACTUAL SIZE

*They're so small—and so beautiful—we call them*

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